

# The Mirror

OF

LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

(PRICE TWOPENCE.)

No. 4.]

SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1845.

[Vol. 2, 1845.]



THE GARDENER'S WIFE.

NO. 1276.

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VOL. XLVI.

## THE GARDENER'S WIFE.

The cut of the present number gives a representation of a mournful scene which occurred during the war. We find the affecting story in the "Life and Military Memoirs of the Duke of Wellington," published by Willoughby and Co., given on the authority of Dr. Southey, who had it from a British officer, to whom it was related by the surviving sufferer. The same noble spirit which animated the ill-fated wife, he states to have been frequently found among the women of Portugal.

A young man who held the situation of under-gardener, at the Botanical Gardens of Coimbra, had a young wife of superior personal attractions. Among the vicissitudes which marked the protracted contest in the Peninsula, the Portuguese army, with its British allies, was on one occasion obliged to withdraw. The gardener, with his wife and infant, occupied probably in saving what they wanted to take with them, delayed their departure till some of the advanced guard of the French drew near, and eventually they were overtaken in the little town of Soure, by several stragglers who were seeking for plunder. A lovely girl of eighteen was regarded by them as a tempting prize, and the brutes having determined, by lot or otherwise, to which of them she should belong, in the plenitude of their barbarity secured the husband's hands behind his back, while the ruffian who claimed the weeping young woman as his own, attempted to tear the infant from her arms, and prepared to offer her the vilest outrage, in the presence even of her aged mother and captive husband. With the fond devotion of a parent, she resolutely resisted his attempts to deprive her of her child. Incensed at this, and at her uncompromising opposition to his outrageous rudeness, he threatened her with instant death if she continued her resistance. To give greater effect to the atrocious menace he drew back a few paces, levelled his musket at her, and appeared about to pull the trigger, expecting a sense of danger would awe the afflicted beauty into trembling submission.

He raised his voice, and fiercely swore that if she still refused she should die.

The poor girl looked disdainfully at him but would make no concession.

"Give in," said he, "or I fire."

"Then, Devil, fire," was the afflicted one's reply.

The exasperated ruffian paused no longer; the fatal shot was sped, and mother and child sunk dead at his feet.

This deed of blood perpetrated, the heartless wretches stripped the corpse, and compelled the unhappy husband to carry the clothes of his murdered wife to

Thomer. The outraged husband there told his melancholy story to a Portuguese nobleman, who then served under Napoleon against his own countrymen. He, however, if he mentioned the same to the French commander, had not sufficient influence over him to command attention, and the miscreant was allowed to go unpunished.

The distracted husband, in the course of a few weeks, effected his escape, and got back to Coimbra. There he was received with great kindness and sympathy. A subscription was raised for his relief, but the losses he had to deplore were such as money could not repair. Incurable sorrow had taken possession of the bereft husband and father, and he soon rejoined his wife and child in the grave, dying of a broken heart.

## THE LATE EARL GREY.

On Thursday, the 17th inst., Earl Grey closed his mortal career, in his eighty-second year. He has so long acted a conspicuous part, that some notice of that life which has at length reached its termination, will be expected. A sketch of his career, free from that political bias which, on one side or the other, marks all the notices which have appeared in the newspapers, will be acceptable to most readers.

His lordship was the son of General Sir Charles Grey, who was raised to the peerage as Baron Grey de Howick, and subsequently, in 1806, to the dignity of Earl Grey and Viscount Howick. He died on the 14th November, 1807, and his titles descended to the late earl.

It was the lot of this nobleman to live in most eventful times. His political course may be described in few words. He commenced life with the American war, and lived to see and to sanction the early proceedings of the French revolutionists. He opposed the war against the republic and against Buonaparte, from a continuance of which he anticipated the most fatal results. He successfully assailed the celebrated orders in council, saw the war brought to a triumphant conclusion, took an active part in opposing the government at the time of Queen Caroline's trial, supported Catholic emancipation, became Prime Minister, carried the Reform Bill, and retired in 1834.

The late earl was born at Fallowden, near Alnwick, in Northumberland, on the 13th of March, 1764. He went to Eton at a very early age, and was in the same class with Mr. Whitbread. From Eton he was transferred to King's College,

Cambridge, while yet under the age of sixteen; he left the university before he reached his nineteenth year, with the view of making what was then called "the grand tour." This he contrived to complete in less than two years, though he visited France, Spain, and Italy. He joined the suite of the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, who were then at Rome, and was present at the interview which took place between the duke and the pope. But political circumstances soon induced him to return to England. He had been somewhat distinguished both at school and college, and his friends expected from him the display of great talents; and he, at all events, was not the man to balk their expectations through any want of confidence either in his gifts or his acquirements. He came home to stand the chances of a parliamentary contest; and, although then only twenty years of age, he was returned for the county of Northumberland. It was rather inconvenient that he should be a minor. It was not quite correct that a great county should be encumbered with a member who could neither speak nor vote. It was not an auspicious beginning that the great Reformer—himself so sensitive on the subject of perfect representation—should commence his parliamentary life by assuming a trust which the law forbade him to discharge, and laying claim to a seat in the legislature which the immaturity of his age rendered it impossible for him to fill. But this was not the only strange circumstance which marked the commencement of his political career. The first occasion upon which he addressed the House of Commons was for the purpose of opposing Mr. Pitt's well-known treaty of commerce with France. His father had been actively engaged in the American war. This probably induced him to look both on America and France with deep suspicion and distrust; he, therefore, strenuously contended that one of the objects at which France aimed was to monopolise the trade with America.

The next occasion on which he came forward in Parliament was to bring a direct charge against the minister for having dismissed his cousin, Lord Tankerville, from the office of postmaster-general; but the most memorable event in the early part of his career was the agitation of parliamentary reform. On the 30th of April, 1792, he brought forward his first motion on the subject of parliamentary reform, the principal petition in favour of it having proceeded from the society called "the Friends of the People," the proceedings of which association had already very seriously alarmed the government. This position set forth the incongruities in our

system of representation, and prayed for their removal, as well as for the restoration of triennial parliaments, and the enactment of laws for diminishing the expenses at elections. Upon this and other petitions he founded a motion for a committee of inquiry, which was opposed by Pitt, Jenkinson, Wyndham, and Burke; the numbers on a division being 282 to 41. After this, the question of reform was not brought under the consideration of Parliament for many years.

In the year 1806, the father of Mr. Grey becoming an earl, that gentleman assumed the title by courtesy of Lord Howick. On the death of Mr. Pitt, the Tory party found it necessary for a few months to withdraw from the conduct of public affairs; and an administration was formed in which Lord Howick filled the post of First Lord of the Admiralty, the leadership of the House of Commons devolving on Mr. Fox, who held the seals of the Foreign-office. In a few months after his accession to power the earthly career of Mr. Fox was unexpectedly brought to a close, and Lord Howick became the Foreign Secretary. The Whig ministry of this period was not destined to be of very long duration. The views which they took of the penal laws affecting the Roman Catholics were quite sufficient to insure their downfall at the earliest moment that the king could possibly dispense with their services. It is well known that they laid claim to the privilege of submitting their advice to his Majesty on this subject from time to time—in fact, whenever they might, in the exercise of their discretion, deem it expedient so to do. As the king would not hear of this, he gave them an abrupt dismissal; the Portland ministry was formed, and for twenty-three years afterwards Lord Grey remained in opposition. He ceased to be a minister on the 25th of March, 1807; on the 14th of November, in the same year, he succeeded to his father's honours, and took his seat in the House of Peers.

His lordship had been married by special license at the house of his father-in-law, in Hertford-street, May-fair, on the 18th of November, 1794, to Mary Elizabeth, only daughter of the Right Hon. William Brabazon Ponsonby, afterwards first Lord Ponsonby. Her ladyship still survives, and the issue of their marriage amounted to no fewer than sixteen children, of whom six were daughters, and ten sons. Two of Lord Grey's sons are in the army, two in the navy, two in the church, and two (including the present earl) not engaged in any profession. Four of his daughters are living, and eight of his sons: of the latter, only four are married; of the former, four also were married, but the

eldest of these was the late Countess Dowager of Durham; the youngest of his children is now six-and-twenty years of age. Surrounded by this almost patriarchal family, Lord Grey attained to a degree of domestic happiness which does not always fall to the lot of public men.

In 1809, when the Whigs had an opportunity of coming in, he and the late Lord Grenville declined any basis for the formation of a ministry which excluded what was called "Catholic emancipation." As a consequence of this, the Perceval ministry was formed, and Lord Grey continued to occupy the barren field of opposition. At this distance of time, and with the glories of the Indian and the Peninsular campaigns of Wellington remembered at least in their consequences, it seems hardly credible that such a man as Lord Grey could be found depreciating their value, and denying the thanks of Parliament to the hero of Assaye and Telavera.

The regency in 1811, and the assassination of Mr. Perceval in the year 1812, presented another opportunity of which many persons thought that the Whigs might avail themselves; but they possessed neither sufficient influence with the sovereign nor the people to form a ministry; and the futility of attempting to induce moderate men of both parties to coalesce was most strikingly displayed in the total failure of every effort, proceeding from men of that stamp, to collect and unite the elements of a government. On the death of Mr. Perceval, Lord Liverpool made an attempt to form a cabinet; this failing, the next step taken by the Regent was to send for Lord Wellesley, who opened with Mr. Canning and others a series of lengthened negotiations. Pending these, the House of Commons came to a resolution to address the Regent, praying that he would form an efficient government; and it was generally supposed, from the tone of the discussions which took place on that occasion, that the House of Commons were not unfavourable to the formation of a ministry upon principles of moderate Liberalism. Neither the Whigs on the one hand, nor Lord Liverpool's friends on the other, would consent to act under the premiership of the Marquis Wellesley. The then Marquis of Hastings (Lord Moira) was next entrusted with authority to attempt the formation of a cabinet, and from his known coincidence of sentiment with the Grey and Grenville party, it was thought that every obstacle to their acceptance of office would be removed; but these noble lords, not content with the concession to them of full political power, demanded dismissals from the royal household to an

extent which had never before, under similar circumstances, been required. The attempt failed, and at length the Earl of Liverpool formed a government which lasted for fifteen years, and during the whole of that period Lord Grey offered to the greater part of its measures the most strenuous resistance. In 1818 Lord Sidmouth issued his memorable circular addressed to lords-lieutenant of counties, informing them that the law officers of the Crown were of opinion that magistrates possessed the power of holding to bail persons found selling writings which were deemed, though not by a legal adjudication decided to be, seditious or blasphemous libels. The circular requested each lord-lieutenant to notify this opinion to the magistrates within their respective counties. The circular had been principally directed against Lord Grey's friends, the Reformers; and, of course, it was alike agreeable to his feelings and his interest to place his ancient enemies in the wrong. In the attempt to do this he was by no means unsuccessful, and the fact that the circular was never acted on may in part be imputed to his exertions.

The next memorable proceeding in which Lord Grey took any very active share was the Bill of Pains and Penalties against Queen Caroline, the consort of George IV. The result of those proceedings was too remarkable to be even yet forgotten, though the details are too distressing to be remembered without pain. In the period which elapsed between this great event and the dissolution of the Liverpool ministry, few occurrences seemed to call for the interference of Lord Grey. He sanctioned the recognition of the South American Republics, and the commercial policy of the Huskisson school. It was his practice to make annual speeches in favour of what was called "Catholic emancipation," and in 1800 had been a strenuous opponent of the Irish union; but when in power, he sanctioned bills for Irish coercion.

The ministry, which had continued since the death of Mr. Perceval, gave up the ghost when it lost its head, and the king sent for Mr. Canning. The Duke of Wellington, Lord Eldon, Sir R. Peel, and the rest of the higher Tories, threw up office; it therefore became necessary to make overtures to the Whigs. But Lord Grey was impracticable. It is difficult to imagine that he was influenced by any other motives than these:—Mr. Canning, though disposed to Roman Catholic relief, to freedom of trade, and to a liberal foreign policy, was deeply pledged against parliamentary reform; and the public, though pretty well accustomed to political tergiversation, would be scarcely prepared for

a coalition between the most redoubted champion of reform and the man who often exerted his unrivalled eloquence to make the House rally round Gaitton, Old Sarum, and Hazlemere. Lord Grey had by that time attained a station in the political world which, according to his own judgment at least, entitled him to reject any subordinate situation in the cabinet; Mr. Canning already held the chief office, and had been commissioned to form a ministry. The short-lived government which that gentleman was enabled to organise did not, however, enjoy the support of Lord Grey.

The accession of William IV, the declaration of the Duke of Wellington against parliamentary reform, the unsettled state of England, the revolution of the barricades, and the oft-repeated complaints against rotten boroughs and aristocratic influence, led to a demand so general and so peremptory for a change in the representation of the people, that Lord Grey was enabled to place himself at the head of a ministry pledged to "reform, to retrenchment, and to non-interference." With respect to the last of these, however, it may truly be said that England was never more intimately connected with the internal affairs of Spain, Portugal, Poland, Turkey, Holland, and Switzerland, than during the ministry of Earl Grey. His retrenchment—exercised upon the salaries of overworked clerks—left in a great measure untouched the larger branches of the public expenditure, and never for a moment interfered with the exercise of that patronage which filled almost every department of the state with his sons, his brothers, his nephews, and his cousins. In his administration the Reform Bill was carried, and the New Poor-law. On the 22d of November, 1830, he kissed hands as First Lord of the Treasury, and on the 9th of July, 1834, he finally withdrew from the service of the crown; but, in the month of May, 1832, he was for a short time out of office, owing to the successive defeats on the subject of reform which he experienced in the House of Lords.

His lordship's death was caused by an attack of paralysis; for some time his health had been declining, the greater portion of his family were therefore in attendance at the moment of his decease, and he quitted life with as little of corporeal suffering as could reasonably be expected to accompany the last struggle.

#### BALLOONS IN THEIR INFANCY.

Mr. Dudley Costello, in his tour through the Valley of the Meull, gives us a very

rich balloon story. The trick of the cowardly aeronaut, and its appropriate reward, are good; but still more amusing is the representation made of the destitution of the Virgin Mary at La Roche. No housemaid seems to have been more in want of holiday attire than Notre Dame, till, happily, her pressing need was relieved by a supply from above.

"The village of La Roche was, about sixty years since, the scene of an occurrence which sufficiently shows how isolated it was, and how completely ignorant its inhabitants were of what was then causing the liveliest sensation throughout the country. It was at the time when the discovery of aërostation had begun to excite attention, when Blanchard, the aeronaut—unworthy, however, as he appeared of the title of '*intrepid*,' which has always been the property, *de rigueur*, of those who sail the skies—arrived at Liège. He obtained from the authorities permission to construct his halloon in the citadel, and establish a laboratory to supply him with the gas necessary for inflation. Everybody in the city and its neighbourhood impatiently awaited the issue of an experiment fraught to them with so much novelty; and the 18th of December, 1786, was fixed upon for the ascent. On the day appointed, the crowd to obtain admission to the citadel was so great, that a serious accident had nearly occurred, from the great pressure of the people anxious to secure the best places; it was, however, happily averted, and the numerous spectators, amongst whom were the Prince Bishop and all the municipal officers, were finally accommodated in safety. At a signal given by the discharge of artillery, the covering that concealed the balloon was all at once withdrawn, and the many-coloured orb appeared, held down to the earth, from which it seemed eager to escape, by a dozen men who grasped the cords. Blanchard was seated on the car. The immense machine was gently swayed over to where the prince was stationed, and Madame de Berlaumont, who sat beside him, descended from the platform with a bouquet in her hand, which she presented to the aeronaut. Blanchard, affecting to stoop to receive it, desired the soldiers to cut the cords, and at the same time that the balloon flew up with the rapidity of lightning, quietly slid down to the ground, where he lay as if stunned by the fall. The prince rose in anger, and turning to those who sat near him, exclaimed, 'I was warned of the trick which this fellow intended to play us; but I could not believe that the impudent Frenchman would have audacity enough to sully his honour and reputation by an act offensive to a whole people.' Then,



turning towards Blanchard, who still pretended to be in a swoon, 'I am not the dupe of your miserable jugglery,' he added, 'you shall not be lost sight of till you have constructed another balloon; and if you do not go up in it, you shall be handed over to the arm of justice, and lose your head like a common robber.' Having uttered these words, he immediately got into his carriage, and returned to the palace. In the meantime the tenantless balloon soared majestically into the air, was for some time kept in view, and finally disappeared in the direction of the Ardennes. Now it happened, *sur ces entrefaites*, that a great discussion had arisen in the little village of La Roche, in which piety and poverty were at issue. The images of the patron saint and the Holy Virgin were both in a pitiable condition as regarded costume, and the inhabitants were too poor to supply the wants of each; a collection was made, but it did not realise more than enough to purchase a robe for one. Opinions were divided, some declaring for the patron saint, others for Our Lady; the partisans of the former were in the majority, and on the day of his fête he appeared, '*clinqant-neuf*,' in a garment of great splendour. But scarcely had his image received the honour due, when a wondrous object greeted the astonished eyes of the villagers, by the appearance in the sky of an enormous globe of resplendent hue, which descended directly upon the tower of the church. It was found on examination to be composed of silk, and the inhabitants of La Roche were at once convinced that it was a present from the Virgin to deck her image! They acted immediately upon this impression—the balloon was at once cut into pieces, and a series of robes was made that have honourably sustained the credit of the Virgin's wardrobe from that day to this."

#### ANECDOTES OF MR. PITT.

In the memoirs of Lady H. Stanhope there are some anecdotes of Pitt which are not generally known. Her ladyship reports on

##### HIS CONSIDERATENESS.

"Sometimes he would say to me, 'Hester, you know we have got such a one coming down. I believe his wound is hardly well yet, and I heard him say, that he felt much relieved by fomentations of such a herb: perhaps you will see that he finds in his chamber all that he wants.' Of another he would say—'I think he drinks ass's milk; I should like him to have his morning's draught.'"

If the name of the individual were preserved, for whom this refreshing beverage

was to be procured, it might throw some light on the cause of Mr. Pitt's tenderness.

##### HIS BENEVOLENCE.

"He had four grooms, who died of consumption, from being obliged to ride so hard after him; for they drank, and caught cold, and so ruined their constitutions. This one I am speaking of, when first attacked in the lungs, was placed at Knightsbridge, and then sent to the sea-side. One day, Mr. Pitt, speaking of him, said to me—'The poor fellow, I am afraid, is very bad: I have been thinking of a way to give him a little consolation. I suspect he is in love with Mary, the house-maid; for, one morning, early, I found them talking closely together, and she was covered with blushes. Couldn't you contrive, without hurting his feelings, to get her to attend on him in his illness?' Accordingly, soon after, when he was about to set off for Hastings, I went to see him. 'Have you nobody,' I asked him, 'whom you will like to go to the seaside with you?—your sister or your mother?' 'No, thank you, my lady.' 'There is the still-room maid, would you like her?' 'Ah, my lady, she has a great deal to do, and is always wanted.' From one to another, I at last mentioned Mary, and I saw I had hit on the right person; but, however, he only observed, he should like to see her before he went. Mary was, therefore, sent to him; and the result of their conversation was, that he told her he would marry her if he recovered, or leave her all he had if he died—which he did."

##### HIS DISCERNMENT.

"Mr. Pitt once obtained a servant in a very odd way. Riding on the moors with a friend, they came to one of those flocks of geese, which, picked of their feathers, are driven about by a boy, with a bit of red rag at the end of a long stick. 'We must ride round,' said Mr. Pitt, 'we shall never get through this immense flock.' 'Yes, but you may,' cried a sharp-looking boy, who had heard him, 'if you will only keep your horses quiet. Sh—ah—ce—ce—ay!—ay!' and the boy waved his stick here and there, and in a minute or two the flock opened, and, wheeling to the left and right in regular columns, made a passage, through which they rode. 'That must be a clever lad,' observed Mr. Pitt; 'he manoeuvres his little army in a wonderful manner—a general could not do it better; and he ordered the groom to inquire who he belonged to. A day or two after he was sent for, and put into the stables. Next, he was made an under-groom; then taken to town to wait on the other servants, and afterwards made a footman. He became Mr. Pitt's valet, proved a valuable servant, but died when but twenty-seven years of age."

## HIS DISINTERESTEDNESS.

"Never was there such a disinterested man; he invariably refused every bribe, and declined every present that was offered to him. Those which came to him from abroad he left to rot in the Custom-house; and some of his servants, after quitting his service, knowing he never inquired about them any more, went and claimed things of this sort; for Mr. Pitt would read the letter, and think no more of it. I could name those who have pictures hanging in their rooms—pictures by Flemish masters, of great value—procured in this way."

## HIS VIEW OF THE VALUE OF WEALTH.

"Mr. Pitt used to say of Lord Carrington, when he saw him unable to eat his dinner in comfort, because he had a letter to write to his steward about some estate or another—'*voilà l'embarras de richesses*;' but when he heard of some generous action done by a wealthy man—'There's the pleasure of being rich,' he would cry."

## HIS INTEGRITY.

"I recollect once a hackney-coach drawing up to the door, out of which got four men: doctor, they had a gold box with them as big as that (and she held her hands nearly a foot apart to show the size of it), containing £100,000 in bank notes. They had found out the time when he was alone, and made him an offer of it. It was all interest that guided them, but they pretended it was patriotism:—rich merchants, who were to get a pretty penny by the job. He very politely thanked them, and returned the present. I was once in the city at an Irish linen warehouse—very rich people, but such a nasty place—so dark! You know those narrow streets. They offered to buy Hollwood for him, pay his debts, and make him independent of the king, if he would contrive to take office; for he was out at the time. I mentioned it to him, as I thought it my duty to do so, but he would not listen to any such proposal."

## HIS FEELINGS TOWARDS THE BOURBONS.

"I once heard a great person," added she, "in conversation with him on the subject, and Mr. Pitt's reply was, 'Whenever I can make peace, whether with a consul, or with whosoever it is at the head of the French government, provided I can have any dependence on him, I will do it.' Mr. Pitt had a sovereign contempt for the Bourbons, and the only merit he allowed to any one of them was to him who was afterwards Charles X., whose gentlemanly manners and mild demeanour he could not be otherwise than pleased with. Mr. Pitt never would consent to their going to court, because it would have been a recognition of Louis XVIII."

## HIS RELIGION, OR WANT OF IT.

"Being told that Gifford had represented him to have died manifesting a great sense of the importance of religion—'Who is it that says it of him?' asked Lady Hester. 'Dr. Prettyman and Sir Walter Farquhar.' 'Oh! it's all a lie,' she replied, rather indignantly:—'Dr. Prettyman was fast asleep, when Mr. Pitt died: Sir Walter Farquhar was not there; and nobody was present but James. I was the last person who saw him, except James, and I left him about eight o'clock, for I saw him struggling as if he wanted to speak, and I did not like to make him worse. After a short pause, she resumed:—'What should Mr. Pitt make such a speech for, who never went to church in his life? Nothing prevented his going to church when he was at Walmer: but he never even talked about religion, and never brought it upon the carpet."

## HIS PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

"Mr. Pitt had nothing remarkable in his appearance; Mr. Pitt's was not a face that gave one the idea of a clever man. As he walked through the park, you would have taken him for a poet, or some such person, thin, tall, and rather awkward; looking upwards as if his ideas were *en air*, and not remarking what was passing around him: there was no expression in him at such a moment."

## LINES

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY OF FIFTEEN,  
UPON A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE OF THE  
MADONNA, IN THE PALACE OF THE  
MARQUIS DE B—.

I stood within an old Italian hall,  
Where mellow light through tinted windows  
stream'd,  
And lovely things hung pictured from the wall,  
Such as a Raphael only could have dream'd.

I gazed upon a glorious Virgin's face,  
Until I dream'd some angel's hand had sped  
The brush that painted with such heavenly grace,  
Madonna leaning o'er the Saviour's head.

Lovely, indeed, she was, with her long hair,  
That from her brow rolled down in braids of gold,  
And with that look of fond maternal care,  
With which she did her fair young child enfold.

From her dark eyes by silken lashes veiled,  
There gleamed a spirit which was not of earth.  
As if the mother at that instant hailed  
The world's redemption in her infant's birth.

The thought of God, the mother's earthly joy,  
Were blended in her seraph-beaming smile;  
She gazed with pride upon her blooming boy,  
Yet seem'd to think upon his death the while.

A thing so fraught with holiness and light,  
As that sweet picture I have never seen;  
And the old scriptural page for ever bright,  
Must that great painter's truthful guide have  
been.

J. F. G.

## The Wandering Jew.

By EUGENE SUE.

*Translated by the Author of the "Student's French Grammar," translator of Hugo's "Rhine," Soulié's "Marguerite," &c.*

VOLUME THE NINTH.

### CHAPTER XIII.—CONTINUED.

M. Hardy listened to Rodin with intense eagerness. The Jesuit's description of a concealed and ardent passion awoke in him a recollection that caused many a tear; and the quietude which the language of Gabriel had produced in his mind was succeeded by deep agitation. Rodin, having partly attained his object, continued:—

"The fatal day arrived. M. de Rancey was obliged to join his regiment; but after a short campaign he returned more in love than ever. It was night—he entered the lady's chamber, palpitating with hope and desire. She had died in the morning. Two candles were burning beside the couch of death. He would not believe she was dead. He threw himself on his knees, and raised the beautiful head which he so cherished and adored, to cover it with kisses. It parted from the body, and remained in his hands. Yes," added Rodin, seeing M. Hardy recoil, pale and mute with terror, "she had sunk under a disease, so rapid and extraordinary, that she had not had time to receive the last sacrament. After her decease, the doctors cut up her beautiful form to find out the cause of her death."

When Rodin had proceeded thus far in his recital, the day was drawing to a close; and in the midst of the faint twilight that now reigned in this silent chamber, was dimly seen the pale and sinister countenance of Rodin, who was dressed in his long black robe, and his eyes were sparkling like those of a fiend—M. Hardy, a prey to the violent emotions caused by this strange recital, remained awe-struck and immovable, waiting with an inexpressible mixture of curiosity, fear, and anguish, for Rodin to resume his narrative. At length, while wiping off the cold perspiration that stood on his brow, he demanded—"And what became of de Rancey?"

"Two days after he renounced the world and shut himself up in solitude. At first his conduct was frightful. In his despair he uttered cries of rage and sorrow, that were heard far off, and twice he attempted to kill himself to escape from his terrible visions."

"Had he visions?" said M. Hardy, with redoubled curiosity.

"Yes," replied Rodin, solemnly; "he had frightful visions. He saw her he had loved in the midst of eternal flames! On her

beautiful face, disfigured by frightful torture, was the despairing laugh of the damned. She gnashed her teeth with rage, and writhed in agony; she wept tears of blood, and cried out, in an avenging voice, 'You, who ruined me, may you be cursed—cursed—cursed!'"

In pronouncing the three last words, Rodin advanced three steps towards M. Hardy, accompanying each step with a menacing gesture. The latter, trembling in every limb, his hands clasped, and his eyes fixed and dilated with terror, repeated after Rodin—"Cursed—cursed—cursed!" Then he cried out "And I, too, shall be cursed! She whom I caused to forget her sacred duties in the eyes of man, and rendered guilty in the eyes of God; she, one day plunged in eternal flames, writhing in agony, and weeping tears of blood, will cry to me from the bottom of that abyss, 'Cursed—cursed—cursed!' Who knows whether she is not now cursing me. Perhaps she has been drowned in crossing the ocean. Oh God! she, too, has perhaps died in her sins, and is damned for ever! Oh! have pity on her; let thy wrath fall on me, for I alone am guilty."

"My dear son," said Rodin, "calm yourself, and listen to me, for you will see that it was prayer which saved M. de Rancey, and made a saint of him. One day when his sorrow was at its height, he was visited by a good priest—an Abbé Gabriel—who initiated him into the holy mysteries of prayer, by which his sufferings were relieved, and his faith and his hope augmented. Then, instead of forgetting the woman he loved, he passed hours in thinking of her, and in praying for her salvation. Divine music at length broke on his ear, a light, not of this world, penetrated his eyes, and the woman he adored appeared to him encircled with light."

"She was saved by his prayers!" exclaimed M. Hardy.

"Yes," replied Rodin; "she no longer wept tears of blood, nor writhed in agony; she was a thousand times more beautiful than before, and smiling on her lover she said to him, in a tender tone, 'Thy prayers have saved me.' Then radiant with felicity, she stooped, and, with her lips perfumed with immortality, pressed those of her lover."

"Oh," cried M. Hardy, completely beside himself, "take me to a cell, or the tomb, and let me have only one moment of such bliss."

The door of the apartment was now opened, and d'Aigrigny entered with a cloak on his arm, and a servant following him with a light.

About ten minutes after this scene, a dozen robust-looking men, headed by Agri-  
cola, entered the Rue Vanguard, and di-

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rected their steps towards the house of the Jesuits. This was a deputation of M. Hardy's workmen coming to thank him for having promised to return among them. Agricola saw a post-chaise leave the door of the asylum; the horses, whipped and goaded by the postilion, were galloping swiftly. The nearer the coach approached Agricola, the more alarmed he became. At length, yielding to a presentiment which he could not repress, he rushed towards the horses, crying, "Follow me, my friends!"

"Postilion, ten louis!—Gallop!—Crush him under the wheels!" cried d'Aigrigny.

The postilion, striking Agricola a vigorous blow, with the handle of his whip, knocked him down, and then drove rapidly away.

Agricola's companions, who neither understood his conduct nor the meaning of his words, hastened to his aid.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—SOUVENIRS.

Marshal Simon, since his arrival in Paris, occupied, along with his two daughters, a house in the Rue des Trois Frères. Before introducing the reader into this modest abode, we will briefly recall a few facts to his memory.

On the day that M. Hardy's factory was burnt down, the Marshal had gone to consult his father on a question of the highest importance, and to confide to him the painful apprehensions which the increasing sadness of his daughters caused him—a sadness of which he could not discover the origin. It will be remembered that the Marshal cherished, in the extreme, the memory of Napoleon. One day the emperor, in an access of joy and paternal kindness, conducted the Marshal to the cradle of the king of Rome, and, pointing proudly to the beautiful child as it lay asleep, said, "My old friend, swear to me that you will be as devoted to the son as you have been to the father."

The Marshal took this oath, and kept it; for, during the Restoration, he, at the head of a military conspiracy in favour of Napoleon II, tried, in vain, to gain over a regiment of cavalry at that time under the command of the Marquis d'Aigrigny; betrayed and denounced, he fled to Poland, and thus escaped death. It is not necessary to recall to mind the success which conducted the Marshal from Poland to India; and, after the revolution of July, from thence to Paris, at which period several of his old companions in arms solicited and obtained, without his knowledge, the confirmation of the title and rank which the emperor had conferred on him before the battle of Waterloo. On his return to Paris, after his long exile, the Marshal

was deeply affected on ascertaining that his wife was no more. He strove, however, to gather consolation from the affection of his children; but his peace was soon marred by the intrigues of Rodin, who sent one of his emissaries that had been stationed at the court of Vienna—a man, from his former career, capable of inspiring confidence—who said to him, "The son of the emperor is dying a victim to the fear which the name of Napoleon still causes in Europe. From this slow agony, you, Marshal Simon, one of the most faithful friends of the emperor, can save the unfortunate prince. This correspondence proves that you may safely and secretly confer with one of the most influential persons that surround the king of Rome, and that this person is disposed to favour the escape of the prince. It is, therefore, possible, by a bold attempt, to rescue Napoleon II from Austria, where, in an atmosphere fatal to him, he is gradually expiring. The enterprise is a bold one, but it presents greater prospects of success to you than to any one else, for it is known how daringly you headed the conspiracy in 1815 in favour of Napoleon II."

The state of languor and decay of the king of Rome was at that time publicly known in France; and it was even affirmed that he had been brought up by the priests in complete ignorance of his father's glory, and that the greatest care was taken to repress the valiant and generous instincts which manifested themselves in this unfortunate youth; so that the coldest hearts were moved at the affecting recital of his fatal destiny. In recalling to mind the Marshal's chivalrous loyalty to the emperor, it will be understood how deeply interested he was in the fate of the prince, and that if an opportunity presented itself, he would not consider he was bound to confine himself to vain regrets. Having shown the correspondence placed in his hands by Rodin's emissary to a friend, who, during the empire, had for a long period resided in an official capacity at Vienna, the Marshal found he might seriously listen to the proposals that were made to him. The idea of leaving his daughters to enter on so hazardous an enterprise as this, sorely perplexed him; and, on the other hand, he regarded himself as perjured if he violated his promise to the emperor. To put an end to these painful feelings, he sought the advice of his father, in whose inflexible uprightness he had the utmost confidence. Unfortunately the old republican was mortally wounded during the attack on M. Hardy's factory; but, in his last moments, still occupied with the serious matters submitted to him by the Marshal, he said, "My son,

you have a great duty to fulfil; under pain of forfeiting your honour, and of despising my last wish, you must, without hesitation—"

The old man's voice became so weak, that the remainder of the sentence was quite unintelligible, and he expired, leaving his son more perplexed than ever. This perplexity increased the deep sorrow that the Marshal felt at the tragic end of his father, and it was further augmented by the sadness of his daughters, and the scenes of desolation and mourning which Paris at that time presented, owing to the ravages of the cholera; yet, when Adrienne collected her relations around her, in order to guard against the plots of their enemies, her affectionate tenderness for Rose and Blanche appeared to exercise such a salutary influence on their mysterious sadness, that the Marshal, forgetting for a moment everything else, thought only of enjoying this happy change, which was, alas! too short in its duration.

Having recalled these facts to the mind of the reader, we will continue our recital.

#### CHAPTER XV.—JOCRISSE.

Marshal Simon occupied, we have said, a modest abode in the Rue des Trois Freres. Two o'clock in the afternoon had just struck by the clock in the Marshal's bed-chamber, which apartment was furnished with military simplicity. The weapons he had used in his different campaigns were placed at his bedside, and on a table stood a small bronze bust of the emperor, which was the only ornament in the apartment. The temperature without was far from being cool, yet there was a large fire in the room, for the Marshal, owing to his long residence in India, had become very susceptible to the cold. A private door was opened, and a man carrying a basket of wood entered, and, having slowly advanced to the fireplace, went down on his knees, and began to pile up the wood in a box. After having spent a few minutes in this manner, he, still on his knees, slowly approached a door not far from the fireplace, and appeared to listen with great attention, as if he was trying to hear if they were talking in the adjoining apartment. This man, who was employed to carry the wood and take messages, had an appearance the most ridiculously stupid that can be imagined; he served as a laughing-stock to all the other servants, and Dagobert, who performed the functions of *major-domo*, christened him, in a moment of good humour, Jocrisse, a soubriquet which the imbecile, in every point of view, richly merited. Yet, at the moment when Jocrisse was listening, his usually dull and stupid countenance became animated with a lively ray of

intelligence; he crawled back to the fireplace, rose, and taking up his basket of wood, returned to the door, at which he had been listening, and tapped gently. No one replied. He tapped again, rather louder; still, no reply. Then he called out, in a hoarse voice, "Mesdemoiselles, do you want any wood, if you please, for your fire?" Receiving no reply, Jocrisse put his basket down, opened the door gently, walked in, and in a few minutes afterwards returned, looking about anxiously, like a man that had just accomplished something important and mysterious. Taking up his basket again, he was preparing to leave the Marshal's chamber, when Dagobert entered. The soldier, evidently surprised at the presence of Jocrisse, knit his eyebrows, and said sharply, "What are you doing here?"

At this sudden question, accompanied with a growl from Rabat Joie, who was at the heels of his master, Jocrisse uttered a cry of terror, and in order to give a greater appearance of reality to his fear, the supposed idiot dropped his basket of wood, as if terror and astonishment had deprived him of the use of his hands.

"What are you doing here, you fool?" again demanded Dagobert, whose countenance, impressed with sadness, showed he was in no humour to laugh at the pomposity of Jocrisse.

"Ah! Monsieur Dagobert, how you have frightened me!"

"I ask you what you are doing here?" "You see, Monsieur Dagobert," replied Jocrisse, pointing to his basket, "I have just brought some wood for the duke."

"Well, pick up your basket, and be off."

"Ah! Monsieur Dagobert, how frightened I still am!"

"Will you leave this," said the soldier, pushing Jocrisse to the door, while Rabat Joie also seemed disposed to accelerate his retreat.

"I am going, Monsieur Dagobert—I am going; only keep off Monsieur Rabat Joie," replied the idiot.

Dagobert having pushed Jocrisse out of the chamber, locked the door, and taking down a pair of the Marshal's pistols, unloaded them, and then, with a deep sigh, replaced them. He then unlocked the door, and, approaching the fireplace, rested his elbow on the mantel-piece with a sad and thoughtful air; and after remaining in this position for a few minutes, he began to pace the chamber in great agitation; then, stopping suddenly, he turned to the fire-arms, and, shaking his head sorrowfully, said, "Tis a foolish fear; but, for two days past, his conduct has been so strange, anyway it is more prudent—" then he added, "He must tell me what is the matter; I am too uneasy; and his

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your children! it's enough to break one's heart! What can be the matter? It cannot be the letters—he despises them; and yet—but no, no, he is above that.”

Rabat Joie suddenly erected his ears, turned his head toward the door, and gave vent to a loud growl. A few seconds after some one knocked at the door.

“Who is there?” said Dagobert.

No reply was given; but the knock was repeated.

The soldier having impatiently opened the door, saw before him the stupid countenance of Joerisse.

“Why did you not answer me?” said the irritated soldier.

“I was afraid, Monsieur Dagobert, because you sent me away a few minutes ago.”

“What do you want, then?”

“Monsieur Dagobert, don't be angry; I am going to tell you. It is a young man, who wishes to speak to you immediately.”

“What is his name?”

“His name, Monsieur Dagobert!” replied Joerisse, with a foolish laugh.

“Yes, his name, you idiot! tell me!”

“Ah! Monsieur Dagobert, you ask me his name, because you want to laugh at me!”

“The fool will drive me mad,” cried Dagobert, seizing Joerisse by the collar—“What is the young man's name?”

“What is the use of telling you, Monsieur Dagobert, when you already know?”

“Oh! what an idiot!” cried Dagobert, clenching his hands.

“Yes, you know, Monsieur Dagobert, for the young man is your son; he is below, and wishes to speak to you immediately.”

The stupidity of Joerisse was acted so perfectly, that Dagobert was duped; and, more sorry than angry at such imbecility, he shrugged his shoulders, telling Joerisse to follow him, and then left the apartment. Joerisse obeyed; but before he shut the door, he drew a letter from his pocket, and, without turning his head, threw it behind him, confident of having placed it securely in the Marshal's chamber; but he had forgotten Rabat Joie, who, having seen the letter thrown down, carefully took it up in his mouth, and followed close on the heels of Joerisse, who did not perceive this new proof of Rabat Joie's intelligence.

#### CHAPTER XVI.—THE ANONYMOUS LETTERS.

We will afterwards mention what became of the letter that Rabat Joie picked up, and also why he left his master when the latter went to meet Agricola.

Dagobert, not having seen his son for several days' past, embraced him cor-

dially, and took him to his own apartment. —“And how is your wife?” said the soldier.

“Quite well, father, thank you.”

Dagobert, then perceiving that Agricola looked sorrowful, said, “What is the matter? has anything happened since I saw you?”

“All is finished, father—he is lost to us!” replied Agricola, in accents of despair.

“Who, Agricola?”

“M. Hardy.”

“Why, you told me three days ago that you were going to see him.”

“I did see him, and Gabriel also saw him, and succeeded so well in rousing him, that he promised to return amongst us; then I, almost delirious with joy, ran to carry this good news to my comrades, who were waiting to know the result of my interview, and as I was returning with them to thank M. Hardy, I saw a coach leave the house of the Jesuits; my heart sank within me, for I felt sure they were conveying off our employer. I therefore ran to stop the horses, and called on my comrades to help me; but the postilion knocked me down with the handle of his whip, and when I was restored to consciousness, the coach was a great way off.”

“Well, what did you do then?”

“I ran to Mademoiselle de Cardoville, and told her what had occurred. ‘You must,’ said she, ‘take post-horses instantly, and follow, and perhaps you will be able to rescue him from the baleful influence of which these priests have succeeded in gaining over him.’ An hour after I was in pursuit of him, and I learned from the returning postilions, that he had been taken about four leagues from any high road, to a lonely valley—Val de Saint Herem. At length I arrived, in this valley before a gloomy building, at the foot of a high mountain. I rang the bell, a man opened the door, to whom I said, ‘The Abbé d'Aigrigny has just arrived here with a gentleman; tell the gentleman I want to see him immediately on very important business.’ The man asked us in. A few minutes after, the Abbé came, and seeing me, instantly disappeared, but shortly after I found myself in the presence of M. Hardy, and the moment I looked on his countenance I saw that all was lost. Addressing me in a mild, but firm voice, he said, ‘I know, and excuse the motive which brings you here; but I am determined to live henceforth in solitude. I have taken this resolution voluntarily, because I think of the salvation of my soul. Tell your comrades that my orders will be such—that they remember me kindly.’ And as I was about to speak he added, ‘It is useless, my friend; my resolution is immovable; prayer will henceforth absorb my whole at-

tention. Adieu, excuse me, for I am fatigued."

"Oh, those black robes," said Dagobert, "how powerful they are! I would rather face a square of Russian grenadiers than a dozen of them; but I have other subjects of fear and regret."

"What are you afraid of, father?"

"Anonymous letters are sent to us every day, reproaching the Marshal for not taking vengeance on d'Aigrigny, the persecutor of his wife and children; and other letters, the contents of which I am not acquainted with, are also sent. The Marshal has become dejected and irritable; he has lately been visited by a gentleman who has the appearance of an old soldier, and I have remarked that the sadness of the Marshal is always greater after these visits. Twice or thrice I have spoken to him on the subject, but I saw he was displeased, therefore I desisted. Yesterday evening the gentleman was here, and remained till nearly eleven o'clock. After his departure the Marshal was extremely agitated."

"What can be the matter with him, father?"

"I know not; he is greatly changed. He has not seen his daughters for two days past. Poor things! Their governess tells me that she has seen them shed tears in their sleep."

At this moment, hearing the hasty steps of some one in the court, Dagobert looked up, and saw the Marshal, pale and agitated, holding in his hand a letter which he seemed to read with feverish anxiety.

(To be continued.)

#### PHONOTYPY AND PHONOGRAPHY.

All foreigners complain of the irregularities of the English language. The history of our island may account for them. To our original tongue the Romans joined theirs. When they ceased to be masters of the country, or became amalgamated with its inhabitants, the language was left a compound of both. To this the Saxons made additions, and in a great measure superseded what had gone before. The Norman Conquest, which gave us new masters, added French to the former varieties, and our widely-extended commerce in modern times has brought words as well as commodities from all parts of the world, to be thrown into the general stock.

Inconsistencies and anomalies beyond the possibility of enumeration are to be found in the English language, as it is now spoken and written. The letters used in one word have, in sound, scarcely a resemblance to that which we give to them in another. No general rule can be framed

for the instruction of the student that will at once guide him to accuracy in writing or speaking.

This is unquestionably an evil. Two gentlemen, Mr. Isaac Pitman and Mr. A. J. Ellis, have undertaken the herculean task of curing it. They have laboured to form a system under which words shall be written as they are pronounced, and uniformity established in the representations of sound. They shall explain for themselves. In a pamphlet by Mr. Ellis—one of a series of publications just brought out—the writer thus opens his case:—

"While we are still children, and have to thumb the spelling-book, and perhaps, with many tears, to learn the orthography of every word in the language out of Entick's Dictionary, or some such well-known school manual, we feel all the horrors of our present heterotypy; but when we have mastered the art of spelling so far as to be able to read fluently at sight, and to write without making any very great mistakes of orthography, we forget the intense labour with which we acquired two arts, which are nearly as necessary to us as speaking and hearing. And because we feel no trouble in reading words, with which we are familiar by having seen them thousands of times in our lives, we overlook the fact that every one who sees them for the first time will have the greatest difficulty in discovering what sounds they represent. But, take the foreigner—we shall learn more from him than from a boy, because when we see a man in full power of intellect desirous of learning, and unsparing in his efforts to gain knowledge, yet fail to acquire a facility in reading our language, even when the mere pronunciation of any word offers no difficulties to him, we can no longer put ourselves off with paltry excuses; we must own that there is a why, and a very serious one, although we do not now feel it ourselves. We don't feel it? Nay, let us be sincere; let us take up a scientific work containing many new words, technical words, derived from languages with which we are unacquainted, and *Englished* after the usual disguising fashion, do we never stumble—never falsely accentuate—never blunder in the sounds given to the vowels? Nay, take the very name of the art we are now treating of, *PHONOTYPY*; present it thus written, and see whether every one pronounces it nearly in the same way; will you not hear 'fónotípi, fónotípi, fónótíp'i,' and such like? We have heard these pronunciations given. But without travelling to unknown languages, let us take technical words of common life; the printers have types called *primer pica*, *bourgeois*, and paper called *demy*. Well, my friend, how do you pronounce

these words? If you have spent your time at a public school and at a university, if you have learned French and Italian, we imagine that you will stumble upon very many pronunciations before you arrive at the true, 'primur, picu, burjós, dimi.' The first, perhaps, you may utter, though it will be only a guess; but, if you are like ourselves, your first ideas of the three last will be 'pica,' 'burjwa,' and 'demi'; sounds very remote indeed from the usual ones. Thus it is with all words in common life. What landsman guesses that *boatswain* spells 'bósun,' *coxswain* 'coc-sun,' *studdingsail* 'stúnsul,' &c. &c.? These, you will say, are extreme cases; but why so? Only because your particular avocations have not led you to utter these words, or hear them uttered. Recollect that the foreigner is in the same predicament with respect to all the words in the language; and for this reason—the letters in our alphabet have no fixed sounds attached to them, nor is the same sound invariably represented by the same combination of letters. Now what we plead for is, some system of printing and writing, in which the same sound has always the same symbol, and the same symbol has always the same sound; and this we call, when printed, *PHONOTYPY*, from 'fóni,' voice, and 'tipos,' type; while the now common, or other style of printing, is termed *heterotypy*, from 'heturos' other, and 'tipos' type."

We abstain, for the present, from examining the merits of the plan. To do justice to it, more space than can at present be given to the subject would be necessary. A doubt, however, may be entertained whether, admitting it to be admirable, the change contemplated would be desirable. In ancient days it might have been well that more simple expression and appropriate characters should have been adopted, but now that the mental wealth of centuries is invested in the present alphabet, and orthography, or something like it, would it not be a fearful thing to make a change at the risk of rendering all modern authors obsolete? Perhaps this may be satisfactorily answered by showing that all existing works could be preserved in the new mode of writing, which, moreover, it is affirmed, can be easily acquired in a short time. If that were satisfactorily proved, we know not what the effect would be on the public mind. What an enormous impulse would it give to trade, if phonographic copies of all standard works were suddenly and universally called for?

#### EGYPTIAN CORN LAWS, AND BRITISH COMMERCE WITH THE HOLY LAND.

Dr. Bowring gives the following picture of Egypt, as she was and as she is, and of the influence of England on the present inhabitants of Jerusalem:—

"Egypt has been for between three and four thousand years, the granary of the world. It was the granary of the world in the time of the patriarchs, and from the time of Pharaoh to the present day. Even when its population was between seven and eight millions (and it is now, perhaps, not more than two millions) it produced not only sufficient for its own consumption, but its overflowing harvests were diffused over every place throughout the Mediterranean, and their superabundance supplied food for more than Egyptian mouths. The Pacha, who is a very intelligent and a very remarkable man, capable of reasoning, and a man, more than any Turk I ever met with, alive to the great interests of the country, had been interfering with the introduction of corn, and put on it a very heavy duty, under the belief that his all-productive country never could want corn. But it happened there, as it will happen everywhere, that any interference with production is an embarrassment to production, and that capital, finding itself embarrassed and annoyed with each interference, applies itself to other channels; and when I was in Egypt the people were absolutely menaced with famine, and in Cairo corn could scarcely be had for love or money, or even with the despotic orders of the Pacha in hand. I spoke to the Pacha upon the subject, and I told him he was deluded by those about him, like other monarchs surrounded by their flatterers, who rather told him that which was not true than that which was. I told him how the country was menaced with nothing less than starvation, and that if the system were continued he would probably see his army in a state of revolt; for it was true in Africa, as in England, that no revolt was so terrible as that of the belly. He, after a long debate, gave way, and said he thought it was better to let corn come in and go out of the ports without any duty whatever. I ventured to assure him he would soon see the beneficial consequences. I had reason to say so, for it was then at 180 piastres, but after this it fell down to 70. Corn thenceforward came in and went out to all quarters, and I left Egypt exporting instead of importing corn; and, as I believe the folly of interference will not again be committed, I have no doubt Egypt will become the land of plenty, which she has been for ages. Now, with regard to this eastern world, we have only to be mindful



of our state and to liberalise our legislation, and the field of commercial enterprise will be found boundless still. In former days Aleppo and many other principal places in Syria were seats of merchants. Many of them are mentioned by poets, dramatists, and historians, though their history has for two centuries been almost forgotten. Turkish despotism has done what despotism always does—destroy trade. To one monopoly followed many: monopoly led to the depopulation of the country, and men oppressed scamped off—men whose capital was dealt with tyrannically ran away with such as remained; thus Syria, this holy land, had been almost abandoned by men of enterprise. Within a few years, however, a new state of things has taken place. We have now intercourse with Damascus, with Aleppo, with Tyre, with Sidon, with Jerusalem, and with Tripoli. What a satisfaction is it to every man going from the west to the east, when he clambers up Mount Lebanon, to find one of the ancient Druses clothed in garments with which our industrious countrymen have provided him. What a delight it is on going to the holy cities to stop with the caravan at Nazareth—to see 4,000 individuals, and scarcely be able to fix upon one but to whom your country has presented some comfort, or some decoration. Peace and industry have been doing this and much more, for be assured that whilst this country is diffusing blessings, she is creating an interest, she is exciting in the minds of those she serves an affection towards her, and thus commerce is a communication of good, and a dispensing of blessings which were never enjoyed before. Under the desire for obtaining your commodities, the mountains of the Holy Land are beginning to be covered with new vegetation. Mulberry trees are being planted; the olive is again attended to; the vineyards are again gathered by the side of Mount Tabor; and all this is done by the influence of trade—all these grow at the desire to receive something which you communicate.

#### HOW TO LAY EVIL SPIRITS.

The following appeared in the *Turkish Monteur*, published at Constantinople, about ten years ago. It is clear, that the notions which once prevailed in Europe on the subject of witches and necromancers, travel eastward.

"Judicial Report addressed to the Minister of the Interior by the Judge of Ternova, Doctor of Divinity, Achmet Chucuri Effendi:—

"This communication of a feeble prayer,

to the Sublime Porte has for its object the description of an apparition, or wandering spirit, which has appeared lately at Ternova, and other parts of Roumelia, where it has for some time troubled the children of God, by entering into their habitations and houses, and mixing together the milk, the flour, the oil, and the honey, or throwing the contents of the several vessels on the ground. At other times it is known to throw the cushions of the sofas into disorder, and to remove the furniture from one part of the house to the other, and to take up children from the cradles and put them out at the door-ways, and to load the chests of people, when asleep, with heavy stones and great weights. Those men and women whom it attacks have not suffered any ill, but they all state that it fell upon them with the weight of a buffalo. In consequence of several of the inhabitants being obliged to quit their houses, and all being very much alarmed, and in consequence of the complaints that were made to me, I concluded that the mischief was done by an evil spirit, as I well know that the same thing occurred before here, and I took the best means that I could, at their request, to rid them of so great a calamity. Nicolas Raya de Vinogen, in the town of Islimia, being reported as a sorcerer, I had him brought to me by means of the governor of that town! and Elhagi Dervish Bey Effendi having agreed to pay him 800 piastres for his services, the said sorcerer, after having reflected for some time, undertook the task. He commenced first by showing us the manner in which he would bring the matter to proof, which was by turning in his fingers a stick, on which was painted an image, which would point to the place from whence the spirit proceeded. The people then assembled in great numbers in the grave-yard, and I, having accompanied them, saw how the operation was performed, as I shall detail below, by which it has been proved that the spirit belonged to two traitors and rebel chiefs of the extinct Milotes (the Janissaries), Zetick Oglou and Etend Abdé. We observed their bodies, after they were exposed, not half the size that they were when they were alive; their nails three inches long, their eyes like fire, full of blood—in fine, being objects of the greatest terror, which every person present can bear witness to, the said persons being of the number of the annihilated traitors who were always objects of malediction while they were alive here. They plundered houses, abused women, and committed assassinations and other crimes, and retired into secret before their deaths, because they saw their accomplices and companions perish under the shade of the supreme felicitas, which is the shade of God upon the earth (the Sultan). But after

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their death, in consequence of the evil which they did in life, the evil spirits which occupied their bodies were ordered to walk again upon the earth, where they had troubled the creatures of God; an extraordinary circumstance, but still a just fate for infidels, and it is, without doubt, the result of the will of the supreme and all powerful Sovereign who cursed them. After the sorcerer had given proofs that they were the evil-doers, by making their bodies stand up in their graves, he said it was necessary that their hearts should be taken out, in order that they might be put in boiling water and boiled; but that having been done, and no impression being made on them, the sorcerer stated it was absolutely necessary they should be burned. The Fetva de Saidin ibni Srasan, Grand Mufti, being of the same opinion, and decided that it was a legal and just act to burn, in order that the evil spirits might be thoroughly destroyed, according to their authority it was done and executed, thanks to God, since which all the inhabitants have been delivered from the evil which annoyed them."

#### HOG FRYING; OR, THE PRODUCTION OF OIL FROM LARD.

BY JOHN BYRNE.

Of all the new manufactories introduced into the United States of America, there is none which has gone a-head with such a "perfect rush" (to use a favourite western phrase), as the production of oil from lard. In the Great Western Valley, manufactories are springing up at all the principal points, such as Cincinnati, Louisville, Nashville, St. Louis, Pittsburg, Cleveland, Chicago, Detroit, &c., and two have already been established at Rochester, in the state of New York. Already the principal manufactories count their barrels of oil by tens of thousands, and there is quite as much truth as poetry in the sign of a manufacturer at Pittsburgh, over whose door appears the representation of *two mammoth porkers in the act of devouring a whale*.

During the year 1843, about 245,000 hogs have been killed at Cincinnati; the number slaughtered at other places was also immense, and increasing considerably. Of the number killed in Cincinnati, about 80,000, according to the most authentic information, have, with the exception of hams, which are pickled and preserved, been converted into lard at once. Formerly, it was very difficult to fry hogs in bulk without burning or otherwise injuring them, so as to make an inferior article; but now steam has been called to the aid of the manufacturer, and every particle of fat is separated from the meat and bones, with

perfect certainty and ease. A large tub, with a double bottom, is prepared, the upper one some inches above the other. Into the tub, the hog, with the exception of the hams, is put, the cover secured, and the steam let in. The fat and meat fall from the bones, and the lard pours through small holes in the upper bottom, into the space between them, from whence it is drawn for straining and packing.

The quantity of lard yielded, where the whole hog is treated for it, will, of course, depend on the fatness of the animal. It is found, by experience, that hogs weighing from 300 to 400 lbs. are the best for frying; the quantity of lard when well fed, considerably exceeding in proportion that of smaller ones. The per centage, where the hog, with the exception of the ham, is used, varies from 55 to 65, and some very well fed, and of the China and Berkshire breed, having reached 70. It has been ascertained that where the whole hog is used, the lard contains more oil and less stearine than that made from the leaf or rough fat; and it was not so well adapted for keeping or for transportation as that. This obstacle has been removed by taking from the lard made in this way, about 40 per cent. of oil, which leaves the lard of the proper consistency for packing and of a superior quality.

Some of the manufacturers of lard from the hog have adopted the practice of skinning the animal before rendering into lard. In this method there is no waste of lard, as all the fat adhering to the skin is separated from it, by a steel scraper, easily. It is then converted into leather, which is excellent for various purposes, such as saddle and harness making, bookbinding, &c. Where the lard is made by steam, the bones are left in fine condition for conversion into animal charcoal, which is worth some two or three cents, per pound. It is probable that this substance will prove as much service and be in as great demand for the clarification of corn stalk sugar in the Western States of America, as is the same material in France for the making of the best sugar.

#### The Slaughterer.

*The Opera House.*—This establishment, which has made the fortunes of many singers, but of a still greater number of lawyers, it is suspected, have reason to bless the day when it was built. We at length, however, hear that after the litigation of half a century, the long vexed proprietorship of our Italian Opera House is decided, and the property formally taken possession of by the present lessee, Mr. Lumley.

**Importance of Drawing to Artists.**—M. d'Agincourt, in his advice to painters, thus earnestly commends the study of drawing:—"O you young artists, to whom Nature has assigned what you call talent; and you, still more fortunate, whom her beneficence has endowed with a poetic imagination, and a feeling heart, allow me to repeat to you this advice—study daily, study incessantly, that fundamental part of your labours, drawing; give yourselves up to this study even to the end of your days. I find at Rome a hundred proofs, in tradition and in monuments, that attest that my immortal countryman, Nicolas Poussin, made drawings, both after nature and the antique, to his very last moments—a painful labour, which is rarely that of a head radiant with glory and covered with hoary locks."

**Roman Epitaphs.**—Some of the epitaphs found in the catacombs of Rome are models of simple brevity—"Victoria Dormit"—"Porcella hic dormit in pace;" sometimes however, they are a little more particular, as in the following instance: "Faustina, virgini fortissime, que vixit annos XXI."

**Weber's Monument.**—The site for the Weber monument, to be erected in Dresden, has been selected, by the king of Saxony, in front of the Theatre Royal of that city. The committee have decided that the monument in question shall be the counterpart of that about to be erected to the memory of Beethoven—that is, that it shall consist of a colossal statue, in bronze, of the illustrious deceased, on a quadrangular pedestal enriched with bass-reliefs on the four sides.

**Mr. Adolphus.**—This well-known barrister and writer last week breathed his last. He defended Thistlewood in 1820, and was a bold and frequently successful pleader. He was the author of several works, among which may be mentioned "Biographical Memoirs of the French Revolution," the "Life of a Barrister," a "History of the Reign of George the Third," and "Memoirs of John Banister the Actor."

**Fairs in the Old Times.**—The fairs of Bruges were the best frequented of any in Europe. Ludovico Guicciardini mentions, in his description of the Low Countries, that in the year 1318, no fewer than five Venetian galleasses, vessels of very considerable burden, arrived in Bruges, in order to dispose of their cargoes at the fair. The Hanseatic merchants were the principal purchasers of Indian commodities; they disposed of them in the ports of the Baltic, or carried them up the great rivers into the heart of Germany. The vivifying effects of this commerce were everywhere felt. No wonder they were deemed important. Even in our own country almost

every city and village, even monasteries, solicited the privilege, as a royal or seigniorial concession, of holding a fair on a given day in each year. Some of these fairs were celebrated over the world: at that of the Landit, at St. Denys, even Armenians were present; and the chroniclers describe, with wonder and astonishment, the quantity of merchandise exposed for sale, and the number of purchases completed within the short space of time allowed for traffic.

**Water the Common Parent.**—Man speaks of the "mother earth," from whence he came, and whither he returns; but, after all, the honour of his maternity belongs to water. Earth is but the nurse of another's progeny; she merely nourishes the children of a more prolific element, by whom she herself is fed and clothed in return. Water is the universal mother—the beneficent, the all-fructifying—beautiful to the eye, refreshing to the touch, pleasant to the palate, and musical to the ear. What should we be without her? We have only to imagine the condition of the moon, and the question is answered. Men with great telescopes, who have looked over her surface, and examined every hole and cranny in her, have decided that, for want of water, she is nothing but a dry and uninhabitable rock.—*Thames and its Tributaries.*

**M. de Lamartine.**—This eminent writer obtained, from the tribunals of Paris, the rescinding the contract by which he had assigned to M. Bèthune, in the name of a company of speculators to be then formed, the copyright of his "Histoire des Girondins," and of an unpublished volume of dramas; together with the right to reprint his former works, at the expiration of the interest therein already conceded to M. Charles Gosselin. It is worth while stating the terms of this contract, as an additional example to some others which we have given, of the value of literary property in France. M. de Lamartine was to receive £2,000 sterling, on delivery of the MS. of the "Girondins"—£12,000 further, in the course of the two following years; and, from the 1st of January, 1847, an annuity of £240 was secured to him for life, with a reversion of one half to his wife, after his decease. M. de Lamartine, as our readers know, was annoyed to find that, by a subsequent agreement made between his assigns and the editors of the *Presse*, his "Histoire des Girondins" had become food for the *feuilleton*; and, like M. de Chateaubriand, he determined to resist.

LONDON: Printed and Published by AIRD and BURSTALL, 2, Tavistock street, Covent-garden. Sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.